

**South Street Presbyterian Church,
Morristown, N. J.**



Her Little Boy
Always a little boy to her.
No matter how old he's grown,
Her eyes are blind to the strands
She's deaf to his manly tone^(of) gray.
His voice is the same as the day he
"What makes the old cat purr?" asked
Ever since he's just a ~~the~~ Lamb
A little boy to her.

Always a little boy to her.
She feels not the lines of care,
That furrows his face, to her it is still
As it was in his boyhood, fair!
His hopes & his joyspare as clear to her.
As they were in his small-boy days.
She never changes to her he's still
My little boy she says.

Always a little boy to her.
The clasings make of the years
Goes rapidly by, but its drumbeats don't
Break even they reach her ears
The smile that she sees is the smile of
The wrinkles are dimples of joy youth
And to her he is never the man we see
But always her little boy.